

EVE'S ORCHARD

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SYNOPSIS: Eve Mannersfeld and gay, city-loving Denny Carter are on the verge of marriage when they quarrel and he quits. Eve stays in her 200-year-old Connecticut house with kind old "Uncle" Henry and serious little Judge Featherstone whose parents have deserted him. Her savings gone, Eve resumes her baking business. A shattering letter tells her Denny is to marry wealthy Mizz. Work and the encouragement of her steady, dependable neighbor, George Cleveland, who loves Eve, keep her going.

Chapter 35

Eve Bakes and Sings

JULY and August; and still the routine of the baking, the routine of the old house, and being kind to the old man and little boy, and making—strangely—new friends. Finding herself pulled back into the village's rhythm because she was Aunt Lina's niece and the Grange, the book club, all the civic activities which had owed so much to her aunt, expected her to do what her aunt's niece would do, so she did; it was something to do.

"I couldn't have done differently," she told herself, working alone through the sunny mornings at her kitchen window. She did not mind thinking about things, now. At first it had hurt to think. Now it made things smoother, clearer. "I couldn't have set Judge in the condition he was in. I couldn't even go off and quit on Uncle Henry now, bless his heart."

She had saved a child, to grow up and be sound and right-minded and intelligent in a world that needed such children badly. She had kept a proud, decent old man from unhappiness and dependence. At least her unhappiness had not been in vain. It did not make her feel safe. It made her feel light with herself. She had done what the old house had always done. She had stood for right first, for decency first. Whether or not she was ever happy again, she knew dimly that in the end she should be content.

"If this had happened to me," she thought, "in the city, I couldn't have borne it. Out here I could."

For the house was behind her. The house forgave her and took her back after her years of forgetting it.

She was young and strong and normal. After a while she could forget some of the time, and laugh naturally, and be gay sometimes without pretending.

Ellen came and went. Usually she brought some young actor with her. Rarely the same one twice. They would make a foursome, with George, weekends, driving about the country swimming, playing tennis.

George's place was sore and more a rendezvous for the young people around the countryside with its swimming pool, tennis courts, and a host whose housekeeper loved nothing better than unexpected company.

There were plenty and companionship for Eve, as well as more. To her surprise the longing for Denny quieted little by little. She hoped they would not meet for a long time.

And at last the summer was over; there was warm beautiful Connecticut September weather.

Content, Eve Realizes

WORKING in the old kitchen that September morning, young and light and strong. Eve realized that she was content. She liked to cook and be praised for it and make money by it. She liked to move about her own house and orchard. If she saw Denny, she supposed it would bring the pain back but she did not have to see Denny.

Uncle Henry passed under the window in his straw hat, calling up a cheery word to her. Judge's clattering feet followed him: "Hey, wait for me!" he called shrilly.

She could see the orchard slope, where the apples were ripening now in the hot morning sun. Across the greensward, as she stood by her table, singing and beating eggs in the fresh wind, George came past too. He stopped by what had come to be his usual leaning-place, the outside sill.

He said, smiling at her, yet with an odd intensity: "You look as if you liked to do that. Do you?" He was hatless and blue-shirted. He folded his bare sunburned arms on the sill as if he were in no hurry, and waited for her answer.

She was delicious, her curls tied tight in an old-fashioned blue silk kerchief, her tall slowness wrapped in her long yellow apron, her face flushed and fresh as she scooped the sticky white dough out of the mixing machine.

She laughed and nodded. "Yes, I do. Queer, isn't it, after doing office work so long in New York? But I suppose a string of ancestors who lived out here and did this—without a mixing machine—are responsible. This is going to be eight handsome loaves of bread for the Methodist church supper. Then I said it and

make three handsome layer cakes for the same. I dug up all my aunt's paraphernalia, by great good luck it didn't go with the premises or it would be ruined."

"Do the cakes come out in layers?" "Idiot, of course not! But this thing does the beating for me, in a bigger quantity. If you'd only turned up a little later you could have licked the spoon."

"I might go away and come back," George suggested, grinning. "Always wanted to lick the spoon, but the cook never let me. I say, isn't it all odd? Do you remember the night Mizz brought me to your place first, one talking about kitchens and both of us thinking the other was a proud city person who had never seen one? And here we are, you in the very kitchen you were being humiliated over, and I sticking my head inside."

"Fresh from what, out with it!" She looked at him more curiously. "George, you angel, you've been up to some work of mercy, don't deny it."

"Well, I didn't mean to boast—spraying your orchard. I couldn't do less considering I stole suckers last spring."

She dashed to the oven before she spoke, and dragged a pan of rolls out triumphantly. "Just right. I hadn't forgotten. It's good, making things. Don't you love to make? I suppose everybody does."

"Yes, I do, but lots don't. Remember, when you were little, The children of Holland take pleasure in making What the children of England take pleasure in breaking."

I think those are the main divisions of the world. And I've heard that if there are too many, breakers and not enough makers in a generation, or two, things go to smash rather."

She turned serious, bending over her fragrant brown rolls and brushing them over with melted butter with a camel's-hair brush.

"Why, I suppose so—I over-thought about it."

"No, your phrases are so blessedly unconscious. I'm slow-minded. I have to think things out an inch at a time. But I didn't mean to philosophize, I came really to see if you couldn't leave Adora Gray in charge this afternoon. The Gardiners are coming over for tennis and swimming afterwards."

Adora Gray was a village girl. Eve had had to hire her three days a week during the last month and a half.

'Til Bring A Cake'

EVE held out a plate of thin white cookies to George, who greedily took a handful, and said thoughtfully: "I can. Judge and Uncle Henry won't mind a pantry supper for once."

"But I was going to get hamburger and have a fry in the outdoor fireplace. They can come too. We'll try to keep the Gardiners."

"If you think you can get the Gardiners to do anything but stay, when they hear about a hamburger fry, they're an optimist!" Eve said, adding, "I'll bring salad and a chocolate cake."

"Well, if you have one. Market prices, remember."

"Market price, of course! Or I might charge for everything but the piece I eat myself."

They both laughed. George and Eve had achieved a comradely relation which made George's head in Eve's kitchen window and Eve's presence on George's lawn a matter of course. His mother was still in Southampton; his father stayed with her except for an occasional weekend.

"Well, I'll let you contribute this cake for the good of the community," he said, showing his big eyes, white teeth as he sauntered off. Eve went back to her baking and singing. It sounded like a swell party.

George reverted again that afternoon, as they lounged in bathing suits on the edge of his pool, to their first meeting.

"Funny, wasn't it?" he said. "I took you for a scornfully sophisticated New York playgirl. And as nearly as I can remember you supposed me to be a saucy, inarticulate slumming—what is that horrible word?—socialite."

"Whereas I was just Little Country Girl Dazzled by Bright Lights," said Eve, thoughtfully regarding one beautifully tanned leg. "and I don't know about your being a socialite, but you darn well aren't inarticulate. George, the only time I get a chance to talk to you is when I interrupt."

"But there was something I wanted to say to you, Eve."

"Heavens, what, that you haven't said in the last three months?"

She laughed again. She felt very happy, stretched along the broad edge of the pool in the bright sunshine.

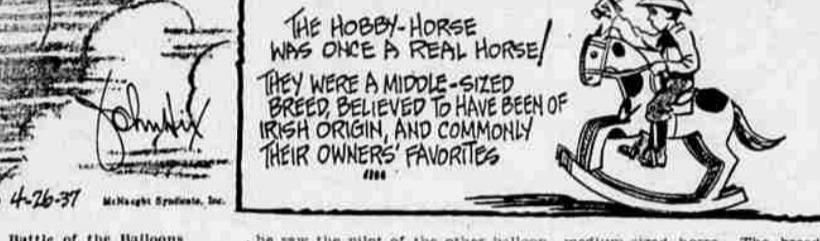
"Nothing, if you feel that way."

Eve absently trailed a hand in the water.

George gets tired of being "an angel" tomorrow, and drives off to a house party.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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Battle of the Balloons
With Paris surrounded by German troops during the Franco-Prussian war, balloons came into widespread use as a means of escaping the beleaguered city as well as for carrying mail and taking observations on the enemy troops.

Felix Nadar, one of the founders of the "balloon mail," was bound for Paris from Tours one afternoon in 1870, when he noticed another balloon in the air. Nadar hauled up the French flag on his rigging and was relieved to see the pilot of the other balloon display the same colors.

"The wind drove the balloons within a short distance of each other. As Nadar was about to wave a greeting, he saw the pilot of the other balloon drop the tri-color of France and hoist the German flag. Nadar reached for his rifle and opened fire. The German balloonist did likewise, fired a few shots, then gave up the duel, dumped ballast and soared up beyond the range of the Frenchman's gun. The first aerial encounter between a Frenchman and a German had ended—44 years before the world war.

Some four tons of mail and 150 people were ferried out of Paris via the balloon post.

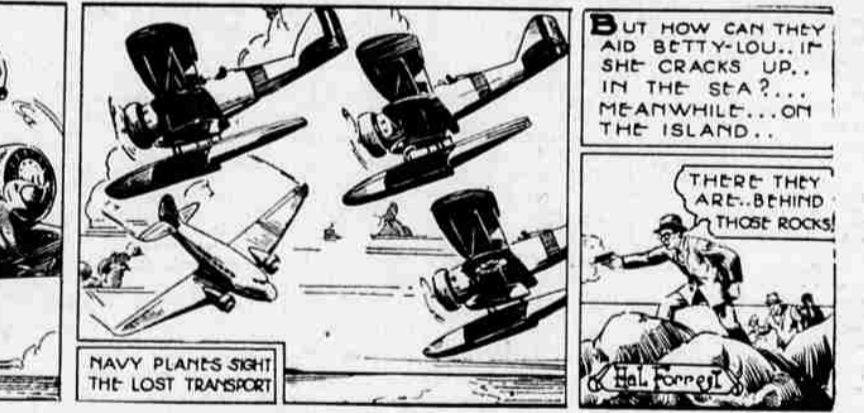
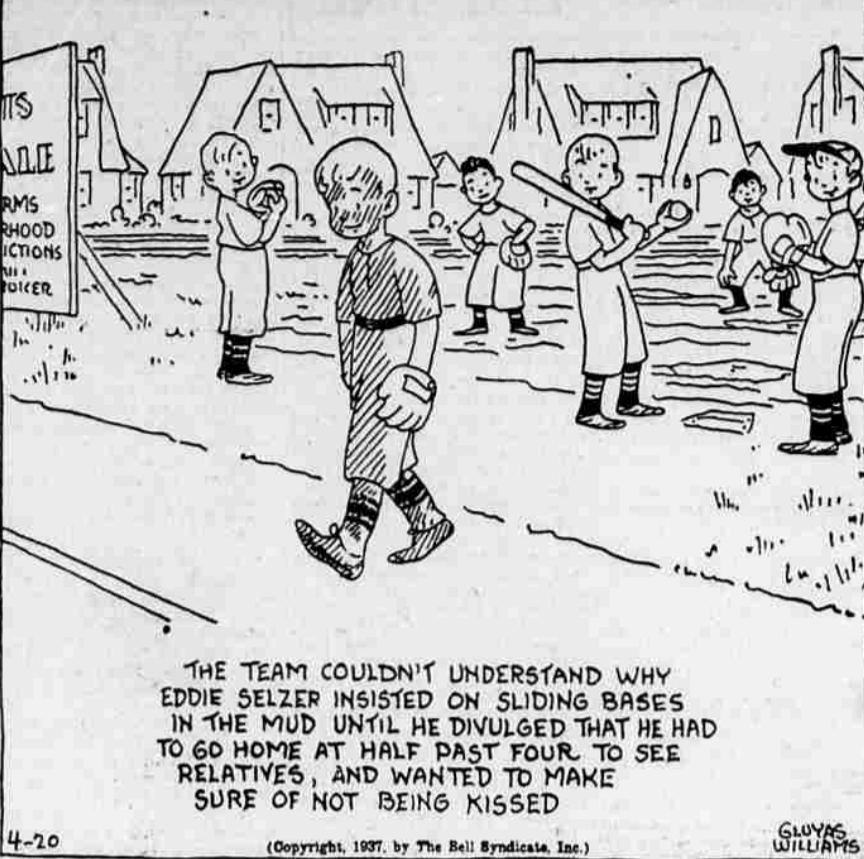
The Real Hobby-Horse
Believed to have originated with "Hobba," Icelandic for "mare," the word "hobby" was adopted in Ireland as the breed name of a strong, medium-sized horse. The breed became so popular that the word "hobby" eventually came to be applied to favorite pastimes as well as horses. Toy rocker horses also adopted the name.

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini was badly in need of the attentions of a barber when he was through writing the music for "The Barber of Seville." Generally recognized as the Italian musician's greatest work, the opera took him only 13 days to compose. It was a hectic 13 day, though. He worked straight through, not even taking time out to leave his house on a single occasion nor to shave.

Tomorrow: Quadruple Steal!



THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



PASS GOLF STAR NIECE OF CHIEF

Janet Rose, 19-year-old Grants Pass golfer who, with a partner, won the two-ball mixed foursome championship at Grants Pass last week is the niece of Mrs. Clotilda McCredie, Mrs. Gene Childers and Elmer Childers of Medford, it was revealed Saturday.

Young Miss Rose, a high school student at Grants Pass, and her partner shot a low net score of 49 in competition with other men and women golfers in the Climate City. By her victory, she was awarded a handsome silver trophy, formerly held by Mrs. Con. Dugan for 12 years.

Although not practicing a great deal, she is considered one of the most promising women golfers in southern Oregon, and is also reputed to be an excellent tennis player.

About 75 percent of Iowa's 12,279 public schools are the one-room rural type.

Gypsy Band Forced To Return \$600 Loot

LA GRANDE, Ore., April 26.—(AP)—Almost every community in Union county took part in a gypsy hunt late Friday after Sheriff Jesse Bre-shoars was notified that \$600 had been stolen from an aged Core resident named Daugherty. Finally City Marshal Frank Hall garth of Elgin nabbed the suspects.

The sheriff and his deputies and two state policemen investigating the case recovered the money from the roving band but because Mr. Daugherty was unable to identify the thief no complaint was filed. Instead the officers buried the gypsies eastward out of Union county.

CORPORATION LICENSE RENEWALS DUE JULY 1

SALEM, April 26.—(AP)—Plans for renewal of the approximately 14,000 corporation licenses to transact business in the state will be due July 1, with the deadline for payments set at August 15, the corporation department announced.

Blanks incident to the renewal were placed in the mail this week.

Closing time for Tax Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.